

ORCHESTRA^ A POEM OF

DANCING. 47 95'

So Music, **to** her own sweet tunes doth  
trip,  
With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, and more !  
So doth the Art of Numbering seem to  
skip  
From Even to Odd, in her proportioned  
score !  
So do those skills, whose quick  
eyes do explore The just  
dimension both of earth and  
heaven^ In all their rules,  
observe a Measure even!

96.

**Lo**, this is Dancing's true  
nobility I Dancing, the Child  
of Music and of Love !  
Dancing itself, both Love and  
Harmony; Where all agree,  
and all in order move-1  
Dancing the art, that all Arts  
doth approve !  
The sure Character of the world's  
consent!  
The heaven's true figure, and  
th'earth's ornament!

97\*

The Queen, whose dainty ears had borne  
too long The tedious praise of that she  
did despise, Adding once more the music  
of the tongue To the sweet speech of her  
alluring eyes ; Began to answer In such  
winning wise,  
As that forthwith, ANTINOUS' tongue  
was tied, His eyes fast fixed, his ears  
were open wide.

98.

Forsooth, quoth she, great  
glory you have won To your  
trim minion, Dancing, all this  
while > By blazing him LOVE's  
first begotten son ! Of every ill,  
the hateful father vile, That  
doth the world, with sorceries  
beguile !  
Cunningly mad ! religiously  
profane !  
Wit's monster ! Reason's canker !  
Sense's bane !